

The SOLDIER'S RETURN.

A LOVE SONG.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was
And gentle peace returning, [blown
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
That had been black with mourning,
I left the lines and tented field,
Where oft I had been a lodger,
A humble knapsack beld my wealth,
A poor but honest soldier.

A true light heart heart was in my breast,
My hands unstain'd with plunder,
And for fair 'Scotia home again,
On cheerly I did wander;
I thought upon the banks of Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought on the bewitching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

'Twas soon I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
And pass'd the wild and pledging thorn
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Who should I espy but my dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling;
I turn'd me round to hide the flood,
That in my eye was swelling.

With alter'd voice I said sweet maid,
Sweet as young hawthorn blossom,
O happy, happy, may be the lad,
That's nearest to your bosom.
I have far to go, my purse is light,
I fain would be your lodger;
I've serv'd my native country long,
Take pity on a soldier.

It was with joy she gaz'd on me
And lovelier look'd than ever,
Says she 'a soldier once I lov'd,
Forget him I shall never;
To our humble cot and homely fare,
You freely shall partake on't,
That gallant badge, that dear cockade,
You're welcome for the sake on't.

She gaz'd—then redden'd like a rose,
Then pale as any lily;
She sunk into my arms and cried
Thou art my dearest Billy;
By him who made the sun and sky,
By whome true love's regarded,
I am the man, and thus ever may
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er and I'm return'd,
And find the still true hearted,
Though poor in purse, I'm rich in love
And may we ne'er be parted.
Says she, my grandsires left me gold,
A farm replenish'd fairly,
Then come my own, my soldier lad,
Your welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer ploughs the meadow,
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honor;
Then pity the poor gallant soldier,
Nor count him e'er a stranger,
Remember he's your country's stay,
In the day and hour of danger.

THE
SOUTHERN RETIRED

A LOVE SONNET

THEY say I shall be old
And that I shall be poor
And that I shall be lonely
And that I shall be sad
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THEY say I shall be old

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